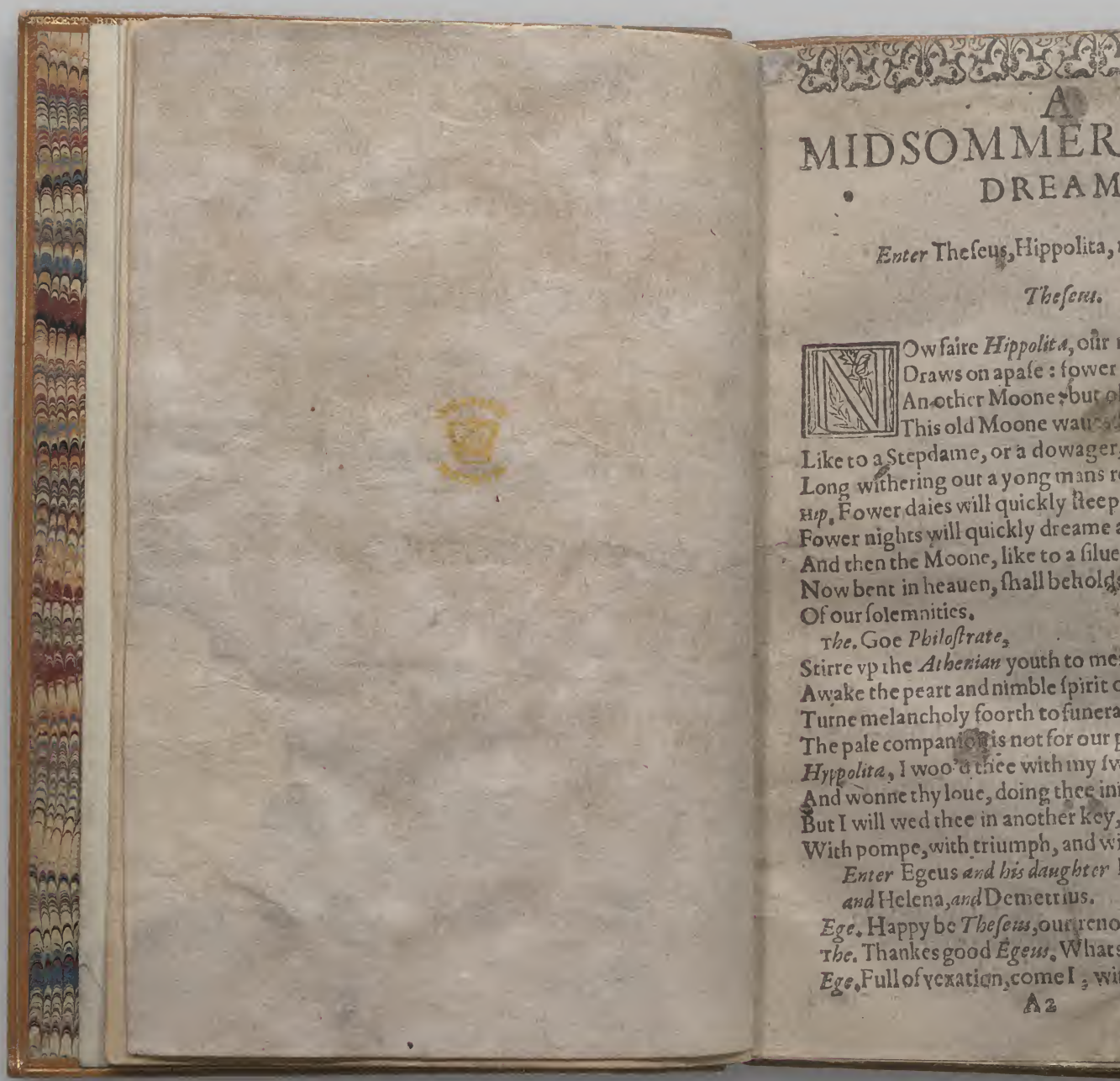

A
MIDSOMMER
DREAM

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita,

Theſeus.

NOw faire *Hippolita*, our
Draws on apace: fower
An other Moone: but o
This old Moone wan
Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans r
Hip. Fower daies will quickly ſteep
Fower nights will quickly dreame a
And then the Moone, like to a ſilue
Now bent in heauen, ſhall behold
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Goe *Philoſtrate*,
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to me
Awake the peart and nimble ſpirit o
Turne melancholy foorth to funera
The pale compani is not for our p
Hyppolita, I woo'd thee with my ſw
And wonne thy loue, doing thee in
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and wi
Enter Egeus *and his daughter*
and Helena, *and* Demetrius.
Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our reno
The. Thankes good *Egeus*. What
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, wi

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29)